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Who seldom found a blank, uncrowded hour,—
A play-ground for such thoughts.

The steamy breath
Of panting engines, and the whirr of wheels
That keep the giant Business moving on,
Were unto him in place of mountain mists
And lark-songs twining with a morning dream.
He crossed no hill nor lake in daily toil;
Only a dusty slope, a shallow stream
Forever muttering o'er its clumsy dyke.
So he grew old. His way was not his choice,
More than is other men's; he could not pause
For airy flights, and let a dear one starve.
For poetry fills ne'er a hungry mouth,
Though such as he live not by bread alone.
And those he lived with loved him, as the bird
Loves the full hand that scatters dainty crumbs.
The vision of another love was lulled
In the deep vale of boyhood's memories:
But now and then, a floating breeze of thought
Would wake its haunting beauty in his heart,
And fill him—fragrant as a summer dawn,—
With sweet assurance of its deathlessness.

His thread of being from the common woof
He could not break: he would not if he could;
For in his toil with toilers, he had grown
To sympathy with those who shared the weight
Of social wrongs, not knowing how they came:
And he would suffer with them, till they learned
To slip the needless shackles from their limbs,
Or change them for the strong and lovely bands
Wherewith our Father, who is Master too,
Would have mankind knit in one mesh of life.

Unhappy was he not, nor yet content;
For still the sky was o'er him, and the winds
Brought down their hymn of beauty from the hills
To keep the longing in his soul awake.

Not for himself, not his best self he lived;
But as he might, with others, and for them.
Its deepest wishes never realized,
His heart one day forgot its stifled round,
And ceased to beat. They buried it like seed.
Is not the buried seed a promised flower?
The large fair pasture-field that lay in sight,
Doubly fenced in and barred by Circumstance,—
That was his birthright; death might be no more
Than the wall breaking down,—the key given up,—
Who knows that any dream is wholly vain?

LUOY LAROOM.

THE features of character are like those of a landscape, which imperceptibly vary with the progress of day, and as lights or shadows are reflected on the scene. Or they are like rivers, on which while gazing after a brief interval, we fancy them the same that we saw before; but the mass of waters we then beheld has passed away, and nothing is the same but the channel, and the banks with their trees or verdure. Perhaps there is no moment in which a person's qualities are exactly the same as at any other period.—*Clulow.*

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE.

THE remarkable development of American life reveals itself attractively as we contemplate the annual summer migration from the cities to the seaside and to the country. This desire to seek relief from toil amidst the beauties of nature dates from the dawn of time. The first abode of mankind was a garden. The nations of antiquity cherished an intense love for rural life. The ruins of the villas of the grandees of Greece and Italy, and of the watering places to which the noble old Romans resorted, speak of this natural taste. Monasteries have ever been erected in the most delightful regions. The knights of the middle ages built their castles on the mountain banks of beautiful rivers; and although strategical considerations may have in some cases determined the choice, it so happened, in most instances, that a sense of the beautiful went hand in hand with the thought of self-protection. In France a villa was the most prized gift which a sovereign could bestow upon his favorite. Under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. the passion for magnificent summer residences became a mania. Within a short distance of Paris, rose charming villages, where Molière might have been found laughing life away with his boon companions, and Boileau, in his home at Anteuil, delighting with his courtly wit and grace the great dignitaries of French letters. Voltaire's retreat of Fernelay formed a kind of rural Mecca, and Necker's château at Coppet was thronged with the admirers of Madame de Staël's conversational powers. Gradually country residences sprung up round all the large cities in France, and those especially who have visited Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Marseilles, will have experienced some of the delights which they afford.

In Germany the tendency went in the same direction. The vicinity of Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, and Frankfort, abounds with exquisite villas, where the refining influences of the country heal the wounds of the battle of life. It is the same in Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, and Cadiz. Nowhere are the garden beauties of Lombardy more apparent than in that captivating part of Milan which is called *Monza*. England alone, faithful to her insular instincts, rushes to the city, when less splenetic children of humanity begin to leave it. But there the princely country seats have autumn and winter charms, and all around London clusters a net of world-wide parks and a dense array of laughing villas, from the gentle cozy shrubberies of St. John's Wood to the brilliant mansions of Richmond Hill—from the verdurous elevations of Hampstead and Highgate to the fresh breezes of Putney and Greenwich.

Apart from the myriads of private summer-houses in Europe, are the noted watering places open to the public throng;—Baden-Baden for the gay; Wiesbaden for the sick; Teplitz for the ultra-refined; Ems for the lover of donkeys and mountains; Spa for the lovers of good fare and of nature; Schlangenbad for the ladies; Pyrmont for Pomeranian dowager countesses; Scheveningen for patri-

cian Dutchmen; Nice for the worshippers of beautiful climates; Biarritz for the amateurs of bull-fights and for Louis Napoleon, and all more or less for English in particular, and gamblers in general. But the brilliant whirlpool of these public resorts reflects as little the country life of the nations represented there, as little as the fashionable circles in one or the other city is the reflex of the domestic life of the majority of the people. Those fond of travel and excitement, instead of meeting at fashionable gatherings in the city, meet in the prominent watering places, and a few invalids—some invalids in body, others in mind, some in both—mingle with the glittering crowd. That is all. There is enough of joy and pleasure in the atmosphere to make people swallow bad mineral water with good grace, and enough of medical hallucination to impart to the dazling revel a convenient tinge of fashionable lazaretto languor. But the country life in Europe exists apart from these Baden-Baden caravanseries. It is to be found in its more noble and elevating form in the rural villas which throng the outskirts of the great cities and the campagnas of Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and Sweden; and in this we see one of the distinctive features between European and American country life. Here private country residences are still the exception; public resorts are still the rule, and thus an impetuosity and universality of summer locomotion is vouchsafed to this land, which is unknown in other parts.

The originality of this exodus possesses even historical interest when looked upon as a transient episode, destined to pass away as private country houses increase in number. Fabulous as the tornado rush from the cities to public summer resorts must have appeared fifty years ago, it may appear equally fabulous fifty years hence; little Yankee children, growing up in the seclusion of suburban or ferry-wedded villas, will yet be not a little amazed to hear that their grandmammass and grandsires used to shut up their houses once a year, and flock *en masse* to some hotel or boarding-house in the country. The infatuated Moslem who thinks so highly of his holy pilgrimages needs only to watch the movements of our railways and steamboats during the sunny season to lose the last vestige of his conceit. Migrations, which in ancient times could only have been called forth by earthquakes, crusades, plagues, wars, and famines, are quietly organized here by an irresistible craving for change, by worship of fashion, by hopes of improving health, by love of show and fiery, and by love of the good things of life. Vast masses of the population, exceeding in number some of the kingdoms of the old world, form, from June to September, a huge company of ambulating pleasure-seekers. Millions of human beings are thus seen moving restlessly about from New York to Niagara, from Boston to the White Mountains, from Newport to Saratoga, from Philadelphia to Cape May, from Montgomery to Hot Sulphur Springs, from Baltimore to Old Point, and so hither and thither all over the wide expanse of this vast continent. They walk up

and down piazzas of hotels, and dance at hops, flirting, chatting, dreaming, singing, yawning, laughing, smiling, beguiling time away cunningly. Reading, piano-playing, spending money, go on all the time; they are cool and self-possessed, and enjoy themselves moderately, behaving with remarkable propriety in the midst of the most dashing social, national and individual incongruities; leading, on the whole, not a wild-revelling life, but a *dolce far niente* life, taking three copious, luxuriant meals a day; some delighting in sea-bathing; others, quaint, out-of-the-way philosophers, resorting to strange places for fishing and quail-shooting purposes; others patronizing dashing horses and fine carriages; some are beach-struck; others mountain-cracked; others, again, are lake-smitten trout adorers. Scenery hunters abound. Grandiloquent Niagara worshippers go hand in hand with modest lovers of gentle Trenton. Wild, eccentric men are among the throng, exploring obsolete creeks and inaccessible rocks, but they are equally welcome to courtly Newport. Languages are here of all nations, persons are seen of all degrees of character and intellect. And yet the conditions of accommodation do not vary materially. Levellers in this thing, men differ in every other thing. Every family forms a clique. The ancient Saxon and Anglo-Saxon sense of individuality gives itself an airing at Saratoga. Strange men are haunting the place. Fancy-men, lady's-men, bachelors, men out of employ, men who do not dance—but few beaux. The order and propriety preserved in such strange co-minglings constitute one of the triumphs of American civilization. In ancient times such a crude congregation of people would have been the signal of strife and bloodshed; here we have only a little bit of sarcasm, a little fault-finding, and this even finds a sublime level by a sublime reciprocity. Private country residences may carry with them blessings of their own, and perhaps of a superior kind, but they can never possess the gipsy charm which hovers round the public resorts. The wild romance of a locality containing hundreds of strangers thrown together indiscriminately, will be in a great measure broken as soon as we cross the threshold of a well-regulated single household. Hence it is, that the American summer resorts, in their present public and chaotic condition of social life, are destined to assume in future epical proportions. The same poet who will hereafter celebrate the rise of our large cities, the workings of our educational and charitable institutions, the increase of our population, the strides of our civilization, the mighty forces of our energy, the miraculous achievements of our arts and sciences, will also celebrate the golden era of Saratoga and Cape May; the Augustan age of Newport; the diplomatic and fashionably Puritanic glory of Nahant; the feudal blandishments of White Sulphur Springs; the raptures of Niagara; the quiet shaking-quaking world of Lebanon; the solid men of Sharon; the amiable intellectuality of Hampton Beach, the metaphysics of Worcester; the pranks and wreckers of Nantucket and Cohasset; the sober twaddle of the great resorts in Connecticut; the presidential prestige of Bedford Springs; the

harmlessness of York in Pennsylvania; the balls and the good taste of West Point; the quaint boldness of the people in the Kentuckian resorts; the practical character of Yellow Springs, Ohio, and all other public summer residences, in whatever part of the Union they may be, all will more or less present characteristics of growth and development kindred to those which mark all other manifestations of American life.

Nor can Europe, however great the privileges of her favorite springs, match the refining influences which the lady element vouchsafes to the American summer resort. More is done here for the cultivation of the sense of the beautiful in one day than by schools of art in years. The fastidiousness of taste of our American masses is in a great measure owing to the influence of woman. Woman, the truest exponent of beauty, so inaccessible in Europe, is much more accessible to the public eye here, and nowhere to better advantage than in the summer resorts. The merest clod cannot walk up and down the halls of Saratoga and Newport without catching some reflex of the beauty which emanates from a galaxy of nature's loveliest creations. It is this trusting, guileless attitude of American girlhood and American womanhood, which makes even the most unpretending summer resort here appear more poetical, more in the highest sense human, than the most dazzling Spa of Europe. The millions of high-souled women of England, Germany, France, and Italy, are, with but a few exceptions, rarely seen beyond their immediate circles. But not so here. Many even who would prefer to be less subjected to the public gaze, are compelled to visit public resorts by force of habit, or of circumstances. The ladies form the magnet in American summer resorts; the presence of a woman who wears the stamp of honor upon her brow, and the fascination of feminine grace in her manner, purifies and electrifies the whole social atmosphere, and the refining influences thus produced linger abidingly and beneficently in the hearts and minds of men long after all the obnoxious impressions of the locality have been obliterated. Private summer residences may hereafter develop a less restless, a less reckless, a wiser and a higher condition of civilization, but in the present state of our society public resorts will for some time to come remain indispensable, and as long as they remain so, the female element will be recognized as the great redeeming feature of our great American summer-hegira.

I ASK the mountain, why art thou suddenly so dark? And the mountain answers, Ask the passing cloud that shadows me. Why, oh most beautiful ocean! art thou so changeful? And the sea answers, Ask the sky above that showers down, now radiance, now this gloom. Why, oh thou eternal sky! dost thou wrap thyself in clouds? And the sky answers, Ask the valleys of the earth; they breathe this sadness up to me; it is not mine.

Nothing stands circumscribed within itself. There is no self that is not half another's. Or say that every individuality is but the power of the whole manifesting itself thus and thus.—*Thorndale.*

ESSAY ON THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.

M. Droz himself has had the pleasure of preparing the seventh edition of his *Essay upon the Art of being Happy*; but he did not live to complete it. This edition has lately been issued, preceded by a notice, which is a eulogy, a crown artistically woven by the academical hand of M. Mignet, and placed upon the venerated tomb of the author. A work breathing, as it were, a last sigh of the philosophy of Condillac, cannot be expected to attain its former success; in his time the public mind was still occupied with moral and philosophical questions, which now seem to have been all solved, since they have no longer any interest. It is true that the *Essay upon the Art of being Happy* does not solve the question of happiness; it is simply a small treatise on moral hygiene, clothed with the most attractive title: that is all.

We must have a very strong mind not to be carried away by a book so alluring, and which promises to show us the road to happiness. We do not believe in witchcraft, and yet, if any one proposes to tell us our fortune, we give him our hand, and our heart quickens with emotion in view of the unknown future! So it is with happiness; the credulous, the incredulous, and even the unsophisticated, lend a willing ear to every tongue which speaks of it, and are ready to extend the hand to whoever promises it to them, so desirous are we to be happy! But the question is, can the art of being happy be taught or acquired? According to M. Droz it would be wrong to doubt it. "Amongst us," says he, "we reflect so little on the art of being happy, that one would be astonished to hear it said that the art of being happy could be compared to all the other arts. There is, however, no truth more simple. Like all the other arts, to succeed perfectly in this one, it is necessary that the dispositions and circumstances should be favorable to it, and that its laws should be attentively studied."

Thus, already, from the confessions of the master, in order to profit by his instructions, two conditions are indispensable—natural disposition and favorable circumstances; conditions, alas! entirely beyond our control. If the taste for happiness is not sufficient of itself, if it also requires a special talent, and, added to this, favorable circumstances, then the art does not address itself to all, but only to those who are happy. What can it teach the latter? Does it not resemble those treatises on versification, which teach poets less than they know, and scarcely convey to others the poetry which they do not know? But let us see what is this innocent rhyming about happiness. And before we criticise the doctrine of Droz, let us try to sum it up without detracting from it.

We cannot realize all our desires in this world. Wisdom consists in restraining them, and in attaching ourselves to essential things; such as tranquillity of soul, independence, health, freedom, and the friendship of some of our fel-